

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For one year in advance, \$2.00  
If not paid in advance, \$2.50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion, 10 cents  
Each subsequent insertion, 5 cents  
Over one square counted as two, etc.  
Outstanding charges at advertising rates.  
Marriage notices, 50 cents

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices, \$5.00  
For State Offices, \$10.00  
For Congressional Districts, \$15.00  
For Congressional Districts, \$15.00  
For Congressional Districts, \$15.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square of 10 lines, three months, \$5.00  
One square of 10 lines, six months, \$10.00  
One square of 10 lines, twelve months, \$15.00  
One-fourth column three months, \$2.00  
One-fourth column six months, \$4.00  
One-fourth column twelve months, \$6.00  
One-half column three months, \$3.00  
One-half column six months, \$6.00  
One-half column twelve months, \$9.00  
One column three months, \$4.00  
One column six months, \$8.00  
One column twelve months, \$12.00

## A. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Special attention given to the collection of debts, the getting up of pension and land warrants, claims, the making out of homestead entries of lands, and the execution of old forfeited homestead entries of lands. Office in the southwest corner of the court-house, opposite the Circuit Clerk's office.

JNO. H. CALDWELL, Wm. M. HAMES.

Caldwell, Hames & Caldwell,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Will practice in the courts of the 12th judicial district, and the supreme and federal courts of the State.

W. W. WOODWARD,

Attorney-at-Law

AND

Solicitor in Chancery.

Office formerly occupied by W. H. Forney, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

BRADFORD & STEVENSON,

Attorneys-at-Law.

AND

Solicitors in Chancery.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

M. J. TURNLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

AND

SOLICITOR-IN-CHANCERY.

CARSON, MARTIN.

ELLIS & MARTIN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them, in the counties of the 12th judicial district, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.

E. L. STEVENSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD,

SURGEON DENTIST

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work done in the most durable and reliable manner, at moderate rates.

JAN 25, 1879

JOB

PRINTING

FROM

SMALL CARDS

TO

MAMMOTH POSTERS

EXECUTED

Neatly,

Cheap,

AND

Promptly,

AT THE

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

## PURPLE LEAVES AND RED.

"Shoes of rye and wheat  
Yellow in the sun,  
Limping brooks, repeat,  
Many days are done!  
Soon our pleasant friends,  
The dear flowers, will die;  
So the summer ends—  
Little folks, good-bye!  
Summer's gone, good-bye!"

"Needs are empty quite;  
Purple leaves and red,  
Oh, the lovely sight—  
On the ground lie spread;  
When the busy breeze  
Whirls them, hear them sigh—  
Chilling days are these;  
Little folks, good-bye!  
Summer's gone, good-bye!"

"Apples red and gold  
Shine in clusters gay,  
But the cricket howl  
Seems to sweetly say—  
Happy hours we've had,  
Dewdrops, you and I,  
Need we then be sad?  
Though we say good-bye?  
Summer's gone, good-bye!"

"The uses of DUFF.

Everybody in the town of Warren

shook their heads when you talked

of the Seafords.

Warren was a little village on the

side of a Pennsylvania mountain, peo-

pled with the hardiest, thriftiest sharp-

tempered folks that ever drew their

living from that unwilling limestone

soil. The villagers disputed and quar-

relled about everything but the Sea-

ford. There was but one opinion of

them.

"The Seafords never would get on."

"They were hard-working, clever,

pious folks enough; but they would

never get on."

To "get on" was the end of life in

Warren.

The truth was that the Seafords spent

their money (and much that they could

not spare) in helping everybody that

needed help. The house was open to

all their poor relations; half a dozen

needy families came regularly for their

supply of meat and vegetables; and

even the stables were a hospital for

the blind cats and lame dogs of the

neighborhood; for old Isaac Seaford

had taught his boys his own theory

and practice.

Sometimes, even his hospitable soul

felt that they carried both to an ex-

trême, as for instance, when Andrew,

the youngest boy, brought home Duff,

a deaf old negro, who had followed

the business of town pauper for years,

and had not found it profitable.

"What can we do with this poor

creature, Andy?" cried his father, who

was smoking a pipe with "Squire Mor-

row, on the porch, as Andy presented

him triumphantly.

"Feed him, sir. Duff has been

"everybody's business" long enough;

now I'll make him mine. Nigh starved,

Duff, eh?" clapping the old man on the

back, and shouting in his ear.

"Ya, ya, Mass' Andy," chuckled

Duff.

"I'll make him a bed in the barn, or

garret, or somewhere, sir, and it will

only cost another potato in the pot,"

said Anna, cheerfully.

"The pot's not too full, now," muttered

his father. "But 'He that giveth

to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

"Oh, that's your idea of finance,

eh?" said the "Squire with a grin.

"Now, I put my money in bank stocks,

it yields, at least, six per cent.; I doubt

if your dividend comes in as regularly."

## HER HAIR WON'T CURL.

A boy about twelve years old entered

Bijah's parlor so softly, and sat down

so quietly that the old janitor kept on

singing "Who! Emma!"

When he finally became aware of the

presence of the lad he looked down on

him kindly, and gave his white head a

fatherly pat and said:

"Bub, you don't look the least bit

like a murderer."

"No, sir; I never murdered nobody

in my whole life," was the mournful

reply.

"I'm glad to hear it, my boy—real

glad. The boy who has remorse on his

mind can't half enjoy a velocipede or a

rainbow pie. Did you call here to con-

sult me?"

"Mother said I might."

"Did, eh? the good old soul. Well,

my son, you can unbosom yourself as

freely as if I had banged hair and wore

dollar store rings over yaller kid

gloves."

"It's about my sister," began the

lad. "She's eighteen years old, and

she has got freckles and her hair won't

curl."

"Do tell! And so she is always a

writing poetry on the sad sea and the

pale moon, and is probably out to-day

gathering Autumn leaves?"

"I guess so, sir, but she's always

stealing all the money I can save up.

She takes it and buys stuff to remove

freckles and make her hair curl. I've

talked and mother has talked, but she

won't behave herself, sir, and mother

said I should come and get advice from

you."

"Hum—yes—yum. She takes your

hard earned wealth and squanders it

for Bandoline and freckle lotions, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has she succeeded in taking off

the freckles?"

"Not a one."

"And does her hair curl?"

"Not a curl."

"Good. It's a judgment upon her!

The wicked never prosper, and don't

you forget it! However, she is bound

on trying if it takes all the money you

can earn, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. She says she'll take those

freckles off if it kills her, and if I hide

my money where she can't find it she'll

run mother in debt at the drug store.

Mother says she wishes you would

sear her most to death."

"Secure her. Why, let me get a sight

of her, and I'll give her some statistics

that will curl her hair till she can't get

her jaws together! Boy, do you know

what these freckle lotions are composed

## THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Here is an end of all romance about

hidden ocean depths. We can speculate

no longer about perils in chambers

of pearl, or mermaids, or heaped treas-

ures and dead men's bones whitening

in coral caves. The whole ocean floor

is now mapped out for us. The report

of the expedition sent out from London

in Her Majesty's ship Challenger has

recently been published. Nearly four

years were given to the examination of

the currents and floors of the four great

oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we

are told, if drained, would be a vast

plain, with a mountain ridge in the

centre running parallel with our coast.

Another range crosses it from New-

foundland to Ireland, on the top of

which lies a submarine cable. The

ocean is thus divided in three great

basins, no longer "bottomless depths."

The first is a sailing ship, and the

basins, according to Reclus, are fifteen

miles, which is deep enough for drown-

ing, if not for mystery. The mountains

are whitened for thousands of miles by

a tiny, creamy shell. The depths are

red in color, heaped with volcanic

masses. Through the black, motion-

less water of these abysses move giant-

like abnormal creatures, which never

rise to upper currents. There is an

old legend coming down to us from the

first ages of the world on which these

scientific deep sea soundings throw a

curious light. Plato and Solon record

the tradition, ancient in their days, of

a country in the western seas where

flourished the first civilization of man-

kind, which, by volcanic action, was

submerged and lost. The same story

is told by the Central Americans, who

still celebrate, in the fast of the Izcali,

the frightfully catatonic which de-

stroyed this land with its stately cities.

De Bourbourg and other archeologists

assert that the lost land extended from

Mexico beyond the West Indies. The

shape of the plateau discovered by the

Challenger corresponds with this

theory. What if some keen Yankee

should yet dredge out from its unfath-

omed slime the lost Atlantis?

Two Noted Grave Robbers.

Our readers will remember the ac-

count given in these columns of the

robbing of the grave of the Hon. Scott

Harrison, in Ohio, last May, the body

being found in the dissecting-room of

the Ohio Medical College. Public in-

digestion justly brands any man as a

scoundrel who will rob the grave of the

dead. But there are two noted grave

robbers in the country, so far from

being the subjects of the people's wrath,

## WHISTLING TO SQUIRRELS.

Though I cannot



The Southern Pacific Railroad is now crossing East at the rate of two miles a day. If Congress gives to it the aid it deserves, and that the interests of the country demand, it should receive, it will soon be completed.

Well, the old year has buried its dead, and brought forth its living to take their places. O'Leary has got through his leggendary name and the country is safe. The press very kind to keep us posted about such important things. And now the time is at hand when everybody is going to open a new set of books and turn over a new leaf, and pass a few resolutions to be kept about three weeks. That's all right.

take about this man. He's on a tan now, but in less than ten days he'll be making his \$150 a week as easy as red

me off my legs. It ain't gets us all. The bone of New York life is whiskey. They all drink it. Actors, managers, critics, dry dozed men and everybody else are slaves to drink. It is the curse of the age in which we live. A generation of "bright fellows" die out every five years. If our glory would bother their heads about this plague of our city half as much as they do about the second coming of Christ, it would be a jolly good idea, and if Christ should chance to drop in all a sudden he would perhaps be quite as well pleased as if his followers were found on their knees in prayer.

advise all who are afflicted with the disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and a simple purgative; they are unequalled.

**Beware of Imitations.**

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression **DR. MCCLANE'S LIVER PILLS.**

The genuine **MCCLANE'S LIVER PILLS** bear the signatures of **C. MCCLANE** and **FLEMING BROS.** on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine **DR. MCCLANE'S LIVER PILLS**, prepared by **FLEMING BROS., of Pittsburgh, Pa.**, the market value full of imitations of the name **McClane** spelled differently but

buildings—well in yard—running water  
through farm—excellent timber and fine  
lot and range for cattle, hogs &c.—school

and churches convenient. This place is miles from White Plains and 9 miles from Jacksonville, and will be sold for \$850, cash, balance in 12 months.

**\$2 000** EIGHTY-SIX ACRES  
FIFTY cleared and  
in good state of cultivation. Land very  
fine. Good dwelling, stables, gin ho-  
use and screw, tenant house and other neces-  
sary out buildings. Chocoma creek is the  
on the East side of it. Good young orch-  
ard. Splendid wells at dwelling and tenant ho-  
use. It is known best as the McAuley pl-  
tation. Tide perfect. Terms cash. Conve-  
nient to churches, and good school within

Address, L. W. GRANT  
Jacksonville, A

**TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.**

great bargain, a town lot situated about two hundred yards west of the depot, in town of Jacksonville, Ala., containing seven acres more or less, on which is located a corn and flouring mill. This is a convenient and valuable location for wool, cotton or cotton Gin, one or both as well as milling. One-half cash, balance one year, with interest. If the property not sold pretty soon, it can be leased on term of years.

Land buyers will take notice that this and other valuable property is for sale.

a. In the district court of the United States for the Northern district of

In the matter of W. S. McIlwaine  
 bankrupt.  
 TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN  
 The undersigned hereby gives notice  
 of his appointment as assignee of  
 the estate of W. S. McIlwaine, of  
 in the county of Calhoun, in said  
 district; and who was adjudged bankrupt  
 upon the petition of himself, by the  
 first court of the United States for  
 said district.  
 Dated at Jacksonville, the 23d day  
 of December, 1878: J. L. STEVENS.











# Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 2178.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance, \$2.00

If not paid in advance, 3.00

Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion, 10 cents

Each subsequent insertion, 5 cents

Over one square inserted as two, 60 cents

Outstanding charges at advertising rates

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Advertisements of candidates

For County Offices, \$5.00

For State Offices, 10.00

## "WHAT ART THOU DOING WITH THY LIFE?"

What art thou doing with thy life, Oh, thou with many gifts? Is there a nature that inspires And comforts and uplifts? Do those in trouble think of thee, As of a precious bauble? And does thy presence hush the storm Till it becomes a calm?

What art thou doing with thy life? 'Twas meant for others' use, And awful is the reckoning For waste and for abuse. Better to use one talent well, Than to misuse the ten. The smile of God is recompense For all the scorn of men.

What art thou doing with thy life? Up and be doing friend; The days and nights and months and years, Our God doth only lend. If Time was all our own, what then It might be freely spent, But it is borrowed and 'tis theft To squander what is lent.

What art thou doing with thy life? Retrieve a part of guilt. Alas! thou canst not gather up The drops already spilt. But God will blot out yesterday For the Redeemer's sake. If thou to day, with good resolves, Will trust in Jesus' name.

What art thou doing with thy life? It is already noon; The evening shadows are not far— The night-time will come soon. And to the master we must go At setting of the sun.

To hear Him say how our day's work Has in His sight been done.

## The Bachelor's Surmise.

A chill December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gas-lamps at the corner flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously as one turned the corner. Not a pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home; but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale put up his night-key into the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlady would have common sense enough to light a fire in the grate.

"Is it you, sir?" Mrs. Hinman quoth beamingly. "There's a good fellow, it's all right."

"All right, eh?" said the bachelor, feeling the blue tip of his frosty nose, to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and the other things."

"What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

"But Mrs. Hinman pursed her lips. "I wasn't to tell, sir, please."

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third story front room, which he had solemnly engaged the day before.

It had been rather a dark and dingy little den by the light of the moon; but now, softened by the choral shine of a well-filled grate, it wore quite another and a brighter aspect.

"Velvet paper on the walls, gilt paneling, red carpet and Sleepy Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing around. "Not so uncomfortable, after all. When I get my things unpacked it will seem quite homelike."

He set down his valise in the corner, deliberately opened it, took out a pair of slippers, and invested his tired feet therein. Next he laid off his overcoat.

"Now for a cigar," thought he.

But the brown-lacquered wood was yet in his hand, when there was a bustle, and a flutter, and a whisper, and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door flew open, as if by magic, to admit half a dozen blooming, laughing girls.

Mr. Barkdale dropped his cigar, and retreated a step or two.

"Don't be alarmed," said the tallest and the prettiest of them; "it's only a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I'm sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind.

"There's no mistake, I hope, said a yellow-tressed blonde. "Your name is not Greenfield?"

"No mistake at all, I assure you," said Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it's not Greenfield. Sit down ladies."

And he pushed forward the Sleepy Hollow chair, a camp-stool and two pneumatic reception chairs, which were all the accommodations presented by his apartment.

But, instead of accepting his courtesy, the girls all fluttered out again, giggling, and in a second, before he could realize this strange condition of affairs, they were back again, bearing benches and a table cloth, bouquets, a pyramid of macaroons, piled up plates of sandwiches, of frosted cake, and a mysterious something like unto an ice cream freezer.

The golden-tressed girl clapped her hands.

"You needn't think we are doing this for you, sir," she said.

"Oh," said Mr. Barkdale, bashfully. "I hadn't any such impression."

"It's all a surprise designed for Kate's cousin."

"Is it?" said Mr. Barkdale, more in the dark than ever.

"And how do you suppose we found it all out?" demanded the tall girl with the black eyes and scarlet feather in her hat.

"I haven't the least idea."

"We found your letter to Kate, and we girls read it, and we resolved to

take you and her both by surprise. She is to be here in half an hour. Barbara—that is Barbara Morris in the blue merino dress," with a turn of her long lashes towards the golden-haired girl—"pretends that she has moved here, and Kate is to come and spend the evening with Barbara. Won't it be a joke?"

"Stupendous!" said our hero, gradually beginning to comprehend that he was mistaken for some one else.

"What will Kate say when she sees you here?" ejaculated another maid, merrily.

"Ah! What, indeed?" said Mr. Barkdale, wondering in what words he could best explain matters.

"Of course we shall all look the other way while you are kissing and hugging her," said Miss Barbara, demurely.

"Very considerate of you, I'm sure," observed Mr. Barkdale.

"She's the sweetest girl in New York," exclaimed the tall damsel, enthusiastically. "I am one of her dearest friends. We work our sewing machines side by side at Madame Grille's. Hasn't she ever written to you about Alice Moore?"

"I don't just this moment recall that she has."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said Alice. "Just you sit down, and be a good boy, while we fix the tables. Aren't those roses beautiful? My goodness gracious, how astonished Kate will be!"

"She can't be more so than I am," said Mr. Barkdale, sinking into the Sleepy Hollow chair, and passing his handkerchief vaguely across his forehead. "Well, it's a mere matter of fate; I can't see how I am to explain myself, and yet, perhaps, I ought to explain. Ladies—"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh," cried the six pretty girls, all in a hissing chorus; "Kate's coming; Bessie has brought her. Hush-sh-sh!" Don't say a word, Mr. Greenfield. The golden-haired girl's hand was clapped promptly over his mouth. Alice Moore grasped his arm spasmodically, and the other four danced a sort of bewitching little feminine waltz about him, while a seventh girl entered—a pretty Madonnafaced little creature like a dove.

"Come and kiss him, Kate," cried all the others. "Now, don't be ridiculous, for we shan't take any notice. Here he is!"

"Kiss who?" cried Kate, standing still and staring around her. "Girls, what on earth do you mean?"

"You provoking thing!" said Barbara, stamping her little foot. "Do you suppose we are all fools? Why, of course we know all about him! It's Mr. Greenfield—your cousin. Kate—the young M. D."

Kate looked around in bewilderment.

"Where?"

"Why here!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Miss Kate, demurely.

Our hero stood up, feeling himself growing uncomfortably warm and red.

"Ladies," said he, "there's some mistake here. I said at the outset that my name was not Greenfield."

"There!" cried the girls, all at once.

"There!" echoed Kate, defiantly.

"Didn't we tell you?" cried the girls.

"Didn't I tell you?" retorted Kate.

"Be kind enough to let us know what your name is, sir."

"Cephas Barkdale," said the wretched victim of a misunderstanding.

"But," said Miss Moore, "you said it was not Greenfield."

"Of course it isn't!" said the puzzled bachelor. "I didn't Greenfield, and it never will be unless I have it changed by act of Legislature."

"Oh-h!" cried the girls. "Dear, dear, to be sure! And we thought you were Kate's lover—and his name is N-o-double-t-Nott Greenfield."

"Do hold your tongues, you ridiculous things," said Kate, half vexed, and half laughing. "What must Mr. Barkdale think of us?"

"I think you are very nice," he said, gallantly.

Miss Barbara in the meantime had taken a slip of paper out of her pocket. She uttered a hysterical shriek.

"It's all my fault!" she exclaimed. "It was No. 39 instead of No. 30—and the tail of the horrid figure turned the wrong end up—that's all. And the cake and the flowers and everything!"

"Stop, ladies, if you please," said Mr. Barkdale, courteously. "Because the surprise has come to the wrong place is no reason why the right person should not enjoy it. Allow me to give up this room to your use this evening. I will just step across the street and send Mr. Nott Greenfield over."

"But you must return with him," said the girls.

And Mr. Barkdale was not allowed to depart until he had promised.

Mr. Nott Greenfield—a good-looking medical student—who had the "sky parlor" directly opposite—came promptly on mind of the name of Kate Kellford, and did the polite thing in introducing Mr. Barkdale; and Mr. Barkdale ate of the sandwiches, and enjoyed the cake and cream, and coaxed Miss Barbara to pin a little pink rosebud in the buttonhole of his coat, and enjoyed himself prodigiously.

"I'd like to be surprised like this every night in the year!" said he.

"Oh, you greedy creature!" said Miss Barbara.

"But there was one time I seriously meditated throwing myself out of the

window," said he, "when you told me I was to kiss Kate."

"Dear, dear," said Barbara, ironically; "that would have been dreadful, wouldn't it?"

"But the awkwardness of the thing!"

"I dare say you never kissed a pretty girl!" pouted the blonde.

"I never did," said the bachelor, growing bold; "but I will now, if you say so."

"But I don't say so," said Barbara, coloring and laughing. "Behave yourself, sir!"

Mr. Barkdale went home with the fair Barbara, and they grew to be very great friends, and—where's the use trying to conceal how it all ended? They were married at the year's end, with all the surprises as bridesmaids, Kate Kellford included. Mr. Nott Greenfield proposes to follow the example as soon as he gets well.

**Purifying Water.**

Different waters, like different diseases, require different treatment to purify them; and all water, no matter how pure they may be, can be made quite pure for drinking or other domestic purposes without distillation, providing the proper materials be used, and sufficient time allowed the agents to act; but in many samples of water I have found distillation to be the quickest and cheapest mode of purifying them. All filters in use that I am aware of, only purify the water from solid impurities, mechanically suspended in the water.

The following is a description of a filter that I have often used, which purifies foul water from impurities held in solution as well as from suspended solids. Take any suitable vessel with a perforated false bottom, and cover it with a layer of animal charcoal; on the top spread a layer of iron filings, borings or turnings, the finer the better, mixed with charcoal dust; on the top of the filings place a layer of fine, clear silicious sand, and you will have a perfect filter. Allow the foul water to filter slowly through the above filter, and you will produce a remarkably pure drinking water—before placing the iron filings in the filter they must be well washed in a hot solution of soda or potash to remove oil or other impurities, then rinse them with clean water; the filings should be mixed with an equal measure of fine charcoal. If the water is very foul it must be allowed to filter very slowly. The deeper the bed of iron filings is the quicker they will act.

The above is a simple, cheap and very efficient filter, superior to any other I know of, and it has the advantage of being free to every one who chooses to make it. I have not taken out a patent for it, and I am not aware of any other person having done so; I think I am the only person who has used it. The foulest ditch water, treated as above, is rendered quite pure and fit for drinking. I may mention that I have made it a practice during the last twenty-seven years to boil all my drinking water. It is the safest plan for a man moving from place to place. You cannot always carry a filter and chemicals about with you, but you can always manage to get boiled water; people talk about it being rapid and tasteless, but I am used to it and like it.

**The Rise of the Deer.**

It is a most surprising thing to see a deer get up on its legs—at home I mean, and when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation of one end, then of the other; then a great yawn, and a cracking of joints, and a lazy twist of the tail, and a mighty snort of bovine satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pasture. But she doesn't budge, mind, without the regular formula. How does a buck drive for pasture when you drive him up in the morning? Why, he lies with his four feet under him, and when he is ready to go it is like Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with all the power and facility rest and warmth have given them, and the plump body, like a well-inflated rubber ball propelled by a vigorous kick, flies lightly into the air. The smile is born out as it seems about to descend; light as thistle-down it nears the earth; another giant impulse from an unseen power—crash—and again it describes its light parabola; crack—bump—thud—thud—thud—each time fainter than the last, and your surprise is all that remains.

**Fat Man Made Happy—Loses 61 Pounds.**

PRATTVILLE, Ala., July 20, 1878. GENTLEMEN.—About three months ago I commenced using your "Anti-Fat" at which time my weight was 219 pounds. By following your directions carefully, I have succeeded in reducing my weight to 158 pounds. This is all very satisfactory and pleasant; but just previous to my commencing the use of your medicine, I had purchased two suits of fine clothes at a high price, and find to my dismay, that they are entirely useless to me now. When I put one of my coats on, my friends tell me it looks like a coffee sack on a bean pole, and when I put the pants on—well, description fails. My object in writing is to ascertain whether you have not, in connection with your medicine business, an establishment where your patrons, similarly situated, could exchange these useless garments for others that would fit. I think you ought to have some thing of the kind, as it would be an inducement for many to use the Anti-Fat, who now object to using it, in consequence of the loss they would sustain in throwing aside valuable garments just turn this matter over in your mind. A "Clothing Exchange" is what you want in connection with your Anti-Fat business.

Yours, truly,  
GEORGE BOYD

## The Corsican Vendetta.

There are two sorts of vendetta—the direct (as the son avenging his father or the brother his brother or sister), and the indirect or transversal, where the feud is kept up by distant relatives. So long as there remains one member of the two contending families the field is open to reprisal. One writer estimates that in thirty years, 30,000 men were sacrificed to this barbarous custom; and others place the number between 1350 and 1715, at 300,000. A report to the Council-General, in 1852, stated that since 1821, nearly 5000 assassinations had occurred in that island, and the situation was so serious that Prince Bonaparte was the only person in the island allowed by law to carry a gun. Towards the end of the Second Empire, the prohibition was removed, and the vendetta broke out again with renewed force and barbarity, the murders being absolved and even encouraged by public opinion. If the man who falls leaves an orphan in the cradle, his wife or sister will keep for twenty years his blood-stained clothing to nerve the orphan's arm. The most crushing reproach that can be offered to a Corsican is to have failed in his obligation. In the Middle Ages any one who backed out was fined, and if he remained contumacious for a week, banished. In 1581, the person guilty of *rimbeccare* had his tongue slit. Sometimes the quarrel extended to villages. From 1815 to 1848 the Rock-Serms and Otrolis, of the village of Sartene, had their houses loop-holed like fortresses, and at times their inhabitants would have to stand a siege for months, when the man who ventured to the window, or opened the door, was likely to be potted from the premises opposite. Not long ago, a priest, who never ventured out save with his gun on his shoulder and accompanied by his armed sexton, was shot dead at mass, by his enemy, who was hidden in the confessional. The eminent Paolo studied, during the last century, in a darkened room, where the window-shutters were lined with cork. He was besieged in a convent in 1756, by his enemies, and would have been killed, had not the mother of another foe sent her son, Thomas Carnoni, to his rescue, sacrificing his hatred to her patriotism. In 1794, Andrea Romanetti, shot dead, during the carnival festivities, the son of Marianna Pozzo de Borgo. The mother dressed herself in male attire and with a posse of friends hunted the murderer so closely that he offered to surrender if allowed to confess himself. She took him to the priest, knelt and prayed with him during his shrift, then tied him to a tree and drew up her platoon, with their guns aimed at him and suddenly relenting unbanded and pardoned him. The action lives in Corsican tradition, less because of its generosity than for its singularity. There are *parolanti*, a sort of peace-making magistrates, whose province it is to arrange such feuds, and their decisions once pronounced are usually obeyed; but a meeting for purposes of reconciliation as frequently widens and intensifies the quarrel. The number of men in a family gives it an importance greater than the amount of wealth. Recently, a young man declined to marry a rich girl, preferring to wed a poorer one who had "seventeen muskets in the family."—i. e., seventeen male relatives, who would be bound to defend the new member of the household in an emergency.

**Carrie Hill and Her Canary.**

Carrie Hill's canary was a birthday present from one of her aunts. He was a pretty little creature, and a beautiful singer; and he and his young mistress soon became very much attached to each other. Every morning he would wake her from her slumbers with his cheerful song, and the first thing Carrie did when breakfast was over was to see that "Dickie's" cage was nice and clean, and that he had a proper supply of food and water.

Now, it happened one day, in the beautiful summer weather, that Carrie's papa and mamma were to take her along with her aunt and cousins for a picnic in the woods.

When the happy morning came, bright and sunny, Carrie was so much excited with the prospect of the pleasure in store, and the bustle of getting ready, that when she went to Dickie's cage to fill his glasses with food and water, she committed a very sad blunder. My young readers know, of course, that the glasses which contain the seeds and water for a bird in a cage have a round opening on one side, through which the little creature puts its head to eat and drink. Now, Carrie filled the water glass as usual, but in fixing it in its place in the cage she turned it round, with the opening outwards, so that poor Dickie could not get at the water. Then, not noticing what she had done, she hung the cage in its place, and went merrily to her preparations for the picnic.

Of course she enjoyed herself very much in the romps and pastimes of the day, never dreaming that through all its long sultry hours poor Dickie was parching with thirst. When at sunset they started for home, Carrie's papa and mamma were persuaded by her aunt not to go to her house and spend the evening with her, and when Carrie arrived home somewhat later than her usual bedtime, she was so tired out that she thought of nothing but getting to her rest.

In the morning, much later than usual, the child awoke from her heavy slumbers, and was struck by the strange stillness of the room. Dickie's cheerful song did not greet her ear; there

was not even the sound of his restless fluttering about the cage. A sudden fear smote her: she jumped up in haste and ran to the cage. Dickie was lying at the bottom quite dead! She looked at his water glass to see if he had water, and saw at once what a sad mistake she had made.

"Oh, my poor dear Dickie!" she cried, as she opened the cage and took him gently up, "oh, my poor, poor Dickie!" And without waiting to dress, she ran to her mamma's room crying, "Oh, mamma, mamma! Dickie's dead!—he's dead!"

"Why, what have you been doing to him?" asked mamma, much concerned.

"Oh, mamma, he hasn't had a drop of water all night and all day yesterday! I turned his glass round the wrong way, and he couldn't get at it. And Mary ought to have seen to it, and she didn't."

"I don't think you can blame Mary," said mamma; "you know you never kept her to interfere with it, and it is not likely that she thought anything at all about it. How could you be so forgetful as to turn his glass round like that?"

A burst of tears was the child's only answer. How she blamed herself for being so thoughtless! How she wished there had been no picnic at all! "I thought that her poor little Dickie, so dear to her, should have been killed by her own neglect; and she crept away to her room, once so cheerful with Dickie's merry songs and now so sad and silent, and cried the livelong day.

Now, we must not judge Carrie Hill too harshly, because her mistake was one which, in similar circumstances, any child might have made. Yet the story shows how very careful we ought to be for the welfare of the helpless creatures whose charge we may have undertaken, and especially when we desire, as Carrie did, to have the entire care of them ourselves.

## Simple Lessons in Science.

Force is that which sets a body in motion, as, for instance, the police force, which makes a body move.

There would be no heaviness in the world if it were not for gravity. Corollary: Never forget to have your fun.

A liquid violently resists all attempts to force it into close confinement, spreading itself out so as to make its surface level; and many liquids communicate these peculiarities of theirs to those who imbibe them.

When anything is weighed in water, it suffers a loss of weight. This is especially true in the case of salt.

A pound avoirdupois is exactly equal to 7000 grains. Take a pound of sand and count.

When bodies become heated, movements a little backwards-and-forwards take place as you must have seen yourself in the case of a street light.

Heat causes a copper rod to be extended, and it has the same effect on a policeman's staff.

Most physicians teach that noise is the result of a single blow given to the ear; music is a series of blows. In our own experience, however, we have observed that noise was the result in both cases; in the latter, more unusual even than in the former. *Experimental fact.* In a large hall, box a small boy's ears, first singly, and afterwards repeatedly, and you will soon see, or rather hear, an attraction.

And precious stones are called cat's eyes; diamonds, surely might be called cats' claws, since they scratch everybody.

Electricians neatly divide all bodies into conductors and non-conductors, but in the world, there are bodies who, although they never mounted the monkey-board of an omnibus, nevertheless are cats.

**Gamblers Locked in an Air-Tight Vault.**

Among the desperate devices resorted to by the Chicago faro bank proprietors to evade the vigorous raids of the police, a favorite one is to lock up the inmates in fire-proof vaults, which are supplied with ventilating holes for this purpose. Recently, George Hankin's place was raided and seventeen players were bundled into the vault, the door locked and the police admitted, Hankin and a colored servant remaining outside. Instead of going away, as usual, on finding the room deserted, the officers, who were up to the dodge, sat down and waited. Noticing the ventilating holes, they stuffed paper into them, and again sat down and waited. In about an hour the air in the vault became so vitiated that the prisoners became desperate and from the inside came faint cries: "Let us out, we are nearly dead." Even then the proprietor refused, for a time, to liberate them, and when he did, the seventeen inmates rushed out in a state bordering on suffocation. One old man was nearly dead, and all were terribly exhausted. The confinement of seventeen men in an air-tight vault only seven feet square was a dangerous experiment, which faro bank patrons will hardly consent to try again, and its disastrous result will be of value in aiding the police in their efforts to suppress gambling.

I HAVE FOR MANY YEARS past used in my own family, and recommended to the families of my congregation, as the best remedy I know of for Constipation and Incipient Consumption, Dr. Jayne's Kidney and Liver Pills. I have seen many cases cured by their use, and I have never known a case of Constipation or Incipient Consumption cured by any other medicine.

It is a grateful moment, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drive gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been stirred enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself once more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a halm closing over it. Like the eye, it is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy round.

The great want of our age is practical Christianity, becoming men have false notions of a religious life, and fancy that it is a mental abstraction, a holy trance, a divine ecstasy; that it requires the intellect of a philosopher to comprehend it and the retirement of a recluse to practice it. The idea is prevalent that time devoted to religion is lost to the secular purposes of life. It is forgotten that the moral qualities of an











**R. R. R.**  
DYSSENTERY.





## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

### Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance.....\$2 00  
If not paid in advance.....\$3 00

### Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion.....\$1 00  
Each subsequent insertion.....10 00  
Over one square counted as two, etc.  
Obituaries charged at advertising rates.  
Marriage notices.....50 00

### ANNUNCIATION OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices.....\$5 00  
For State Offices.....10 00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

### Rates of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines, three months.....\$ 5 00  
One square six months.....7 00  
One square twelve months.....10 00  
One-fourth column three months.....15 00  
One-fourth column six months.....20 00  
One-fourth column twelve months.....25 00  
One-half column three months.....25 00  
One-half column six months.....35 00  
One-half column twelve months.....45 00  
One column three months.....45 00  
One column six months.....60 00  
One column twelve months.....80 00

## A. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Special attention given to the collection of debts, getting up of pension and land warrant claims, the making out of homestead entries of lands, and the execution of old forfeited homestead entries of lands. Office in the southwest corner of the court-house, opposite the Circuit Clerk's office.

## Caldwell, Hames & Caldwell, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.  
Will practice in all the courts of the 12th judicial district and the supreme and federal courts of the State.

## W. W. WOODWARD, Attorney at Law

AND Solicitor in Chancery, Office formerly occupied by Gen. W. H. Forney, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

## BRADFORD & STEVENSON, Attorney at Law.

AND Solicitors in Chancery, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

## M. J. TURNLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, GADSDEN, ALA.

## ELLIS & MARTIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

## E. I. STEVENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

## J. D. ARNOLD, SURGEON DENTIST

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work executed in the most durable and artistic manner. Charges very moderate. JAN 18, 1879

## JOB PRINTING

FROM

## SMALL CARDS

TO

## MAMMOTH POSTERS

EXECUTED

## Neatly, Cheap, AND Promptly,

AT THE

## REPUBLICAN OFFICE

### GULLABY.

The maple strews the amber of its leaves  
O'er the laggard swallows nestled 'neath the eaves;  
And the noisy cricket falters in his cry,  
Baby bye!

For the lid of night is falling o'er the sky,  
Baby-bye!

The lid of night is falling o'er the sky,  
The rose is lying pallid, and the cup  
Of the frosted calla-lily folded up;  
And the breezes through the garden sob and sigh,  
Baby bye!

O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie,  
Baby-bye!

O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie,  
Baby-bye!

Yet, baby—O, my baby, for your sake  
This heart of mine is ever wide-awake—  
And my love may never droop a drowsy eye,  
Baby-bye!

Thill your own are wet above me when I die,  
Baby-bye!

Thill your own are wet above me when I die,  
Baby-bye!

### Making Up.

"I hate 'em!"  
"Singular!"  
"I don't think it is singular."  
Fred Tracy lit his cigar over again, and resumed his favorite recumbent attitude. His friend, Harry Blake, kept on whittling, now and then casting wondering glances at this handsome woman-batter. After a moment's silence Harry remarked:  
"How many men can dislike women, is more than I can tell."  
"Bah!" interrupted Fred, "you forget that I had a step-mother, and—"  
"Was fitted?"  
"No, sir!"—this with emphasis—"no woman ever fitted me!"  
"But what about your engagement with Sue Osmond? Something happened. Whose fault was it—yours or hers?"  
"If you want to know, I'll tell you, and leave you to judge whose fault it was. That girl ran away with every bit of sense I had, for a brief period—only a brief period. I woke up one night to a realization of what a fool I had been! Of course, every fellow who is engaged to a girl supposes he has won perfection. I did."  
"A very foolish thing to suppose, to begin with."  
"I shaw! You don't know what you are talking about. For about six weeks after our engagement, everything was lovely. She was pretty, fascinating, devotedly intelligent and accomplished, and I spared no pains to take her everywhere she wanted to go. My team was kept pretty busy in those days, I can tell you. Sue couldn't ride in a hired coach; and as for the cars or stage, why, bless your heart! I should never have dreamed, in any emergency, of suggesting either."  
"Do you mean to tell me that Sue Osmond is such a fool as that?"  
"She never said anything about the way she should go; but, don't you see, I made such an idol of her that I could not bear to feel for a moment that she had stepped outside of her own especial sphere?"  
"Fiddlesticks!"  
"All right. Fall in love yourself, and then see! Well, this was my manner of treating her. One evening, last Winter, I was returning from the office. It was about seven o'clock, and it never rained harder since the deluge. It was a cold, slippery, horrible night, and Jim Hawkins and I walked straight through the crowded boat, and stood outside under the awning. There were only two or three there beside us. I noticed a woman leaning against the opposite side of the window. I saw that she had on an old water-proof cloak, and the hood was drawn over her hat. Finally, after considerably squinting at the figure and side face of the woman, Jim said, with a nudge:  
"Don't you know who that is, Fred?"  
"How the mischief should I know?" I asked.  
"You ought to, if any body. Take a good look, now."  
"Just then the boat touched the dock. I looked, and as sure as I live, there stood Sue Osmond, my lady-love. She drew the hood closer over her face, and while I was deciding what to do the chain was lowered and Sue was lost among the crowd."  
"The man who hesitates, you know."  
"Yes, I know all about it. An hour after, I called on Miss Osmond. She was dressed, ready to receive me. I never saw her eyes so bright; there was an indefinable glitter all over her, and her manner was fascinating to the last degree. After a while, said I:  
"Sue, I could have sworn an hour ago that I saw you on a ferry-boat!"  
"Could you?" she laughed, without changing color. "Never swear to personal identity. I knew a man who got into a horrid scrape once by doing so."  
"Well, it wasn't you, was it Sue?" I asked.  
"How ridiculous!" she answered; and then, with a most unusual touch of defiance in her manner: "Suppose it was—that then?"  
"Nothing much," said I; "only good by, Miss Osmond!"  
"Truly?" said she in the calmest possible manner.  
"Yes, truly," I answered, "unless you can account satisfactorily for conduct so questionable!"  
"So what?" she asked, growing as white as death.  
"So questionable," I repeated.  
"She rose in a white heat. This is what she said:  
"About seven o'clock this evening I

crossed the ferry from New York to Brooklyn; and I refuse to give any account of the circumstances which made such questionable conduct necessary. So good-by Mr. Tracy."  
"What then?" inquired Harry.  
"Why, she swept out of the room like a tragedy queen, and I haven't spoken to her since."  
"Three weeks after. Same room, same company."  
"Poor Will Osmond has gone," said Harry Blake.  
"The deuce he has?" replied Fred Tracy.  
"Yes, I was over there this afternoon, and had a talk with his widow, Will's health failed immediately after his marriage, and his father was so angry with him for marrying his daughter's governess, that he would not do the least thing for him. Mrs. Osmond said that if it had not been for Sue they would have certainly starved. She pawned and sold most of her jewelry, and managed so skillfully that Will was surrounded with every comfort. I found out something, Fred."  
"What is it?"  
"Do you remember the date of the night you saw Miss Osmond on the ferry-boat?" Was it the third of December?

"Yes, sir."  
"Well, that day Sue spent with her brother. He was a great deal worse, and she was determined, come what would, she would not leave him until he was easier. He grew more comfortable, and when she got ready to start for home, it rained hard. So she borrowed her sister's water-proof, and hurried off. Now, what do you think?"  
"That I was a brute, and I'll make it up this very day."  
"Evening. Scene—parlor in the house of Osmond. Sue Osmond is announced. Fred Tracy is announced.  
"Good-evening, Mr. Tracy," and Sue extends a very steady little hand to her visitor.  
"I have just heard to-day of your brother's death, Miss—Osmond—and—"

"Fred Tracy was never known to stammer, but now the English language failed him.  
"Will had been ill for several months," was the calm answer.  
"And to think," said Fred, almost sobbing, "that I should have been such a brute! I found out all about it to-day! I wonder if you can forgive me?"  
"Certainly," replied Sue. "I forgive you a long time ago."  
"Angel!" whispered Fred. "How can I ever be thankful enough!"  
The hands he tried to seize were withdrawn as she replied:  
"By remembering, Mr. Tracy, that no woman worth having will endure the lofty treatment you attempted with me! and that where there is true love, there is true confidence!"  
"Sue, dear Sue, what do you mean? Why are you so cold?"  
"Mr. Blake!" announced a servant.  
"Good-evening, Fred," cried Harry, cordially.  
"And how's my little Sue?"  
"Very well, thank you," cried Sue, lovingly.  
"This, Mr. Tracy," she continued, with a deep blush, "is my intended husband."  
"How long has this been?" inquired poor Fred.  
"About three months," replied Blake, monochaulantly.  
"And you allowed me to come round here and make a fool of myself in this manner?"  
"What manner? I was delighted that you and my Sue were going to make up and be good friends again."  
Before Harry had concluded his sentence Fred was gone.  
The hall door was shut with a bang, and the lovers were alone.

**The Art of Washing.**  
In washing woolen things it is necessary to carry out the work rapidly, whether it be done by hand or in a machine. In a machine they are treated in much the same manner as other articles, save that no soda must on any account be used. For this reason flannels are generally washed first. Soft water is especially valuable for washing woolen things, the addition of soda being necessary to hard water in order to soften it. Pure Castile and curd soap are the best to use as containing the least soda. They should always be used in the form of jelly. This should be prepared by the soap being cut up and boiled till it becomes of the proper consistency, after which it must be mixed with the water before the flannels are put in. The following are the main points to be attended to: They must always be washed by themselves. They must on no account be previously soaked. No soda should be used in washing them. Soap must never be rubbed on them; it must be used as a lather. They should be finished off at once, and never be left in the water during the course of washing, or be allowed to lie about damp. They must not be passed from hot to cold water. The water used should each be hotter than the last. Cold water rather sets than removes the dirt, and makes them shrink. The mode of proceeding applies to almost every class of woolen things. Wash in two lathers of warm, soft water and soap jelly; rinse in an other diluter lather (slightly blued for white things); wring thoroughly—and for this a wringer will be found most valuable, for the quicker the water can be wrung out, the better, and the twisting necessary in hand-wringing is bad for woolen things. Select a fine sunny day with a brisk wind, a rainy day is objectionable, for the drying should be done as quickly as possible in the open air. When this is impracticable woolen things should not be put to dry too near the fire, which would tend to shrink and make them yellow; they should be well snapped and shaken before they are put on the line, and during the process of drying, Petticoats should be hung up by the bands, to prevent the water from settling in the gathers, and the bands of colored flannel petticoats should be dipped in salt, to avoid the color running into them. They should be taken down, when sufficiently damp for ironing, which must be done as once. If any portion appears cockled, it should be well pulled out and straightened in preparing for ironing. The bands of petticoats, etc., should be subsequently ironed. The following is a remedy for white flannels which have become yellow: Pour over them water in which flour has been boiled in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a quart; let them remain in this long enough to cool, then rub them well in it, but use no soap; rinse subsequently in several warm waters. Repeat the process should it not at once prove effectual. Flannel will always shrink some in washing, and it is a good plan to have it shrunk before making up. To effect this lay it in a tub of lukewarm soft water, take it out without squeezing as soon as it rises to the surface, hang it up to drain, and it will not have lost the appearance of newness. Another mode is to drain away the water in which it has been soaked and then wash it through in a warm lather of curd soap. To prevent knitted articles shrinking out of shape the exact shape of the article when new, from this have a wooden frame made with a ring attached to the top. After being washed the garment should be slipped on it and hung up by the ring to dry, by which means it will retain its original size and softness to the end.

### Anecdotes of Doctors.

John Abernethy was a great English surgeon. He had a very witty organization, but under his rough manner he veiled one of the kindest of hearts. The story of his marriage is a good one. He wrote off-hand to a lady a note of proposal, saying that he was too busy to attend in person, but that he would give her a fortnight for consideration. On one occasion, when George IV. sent for Abernethy, the messenger found him about starting to lecture to a large number of students. "Tell the King," said Abernethy, "that I cannot go to him until after my lecture to my pupils, whom I am bound not to disappoint. After that I'm at his service." The monarch, much offended, sent for another doctor. In occasional encounters, Abernethy's patients sometimes had decidedly the best of it. One gentleman went to consult him about a bad pain in his shoulders. Abernethy brusquely said, "Well, I know nothing about it." "I don't know how you should," was the sharp retort, "but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps you will then say." Abernethy at once said, "Sit down," and treated him with the greatest kindness. One day a lady who went to consult him found him extremely unceremonious. "I have heard of your rudeness before I came sir, but I did not expect this." When Abernethy gave her the prescription she said, "What shall I do with this?" "Anything you like; put it in the fire if you please." The lady took him at his word, laid his fee on the table, and thrust the prescription into the fire, and hastily left the room. Abernethy followed her to the hall, pressing her to take back her fee or let him give her

another prescription, but the lady was inexorable, and left the house. Abernethy absolutely disapproved of vivisection. He considered that such experiments were morally wrong, and physiologically unsafe. The famous Dr. John Radcliffe was brusque with most every one. He told an old lady who had obtained admission on false pretences that "he neither knew what was good for old women, nor what an old woman was good for." Radcliffe had a rough humor which approached wit. He once told a parier, who had dunned him for a small amount, that he "had done his work badly, and then covered it with earth to conceal it." The man answered significantly, that "Mine is not the only bad work which the earth conceals." Struck with the retort, the doctor paid the man, adding a guinea to the amount, observing that he was a wit, and must therefore be poor. For going to the continent to see and prescribe for the Earl of Albemarle Radcliffe received \$6,000 and the offer of a baronetage, and his patient gave him \$2,000, a diamond ring of great value, and a large sum to pay his traveling expenses. Sir Henry Thompson, for having successfully operated on Leopold, late King of the Belgians, for a disease of the prostate gland, received the enormous fee of \$50,000, with the knightly order of Leopold. Sir Astley Cooper's annual income only amounted to \$500 in the fifth year of his practice. But when appointed Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the College of Surgeons in 1813, it had risen to the large sum of \$105,000. It is said that Sir Astley lectured as usual on the day he was married.

### A Deserted House.

An observant spectator will notice that the first four windows of a large house at the corner of Norfolk street, London, present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust, whilst through the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust, and mouldering away with age. The shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, untouched, for more than forty years. During that time no human foot has entered that room. And the reason is this: Forty years ago, more than forty, Lord Dysart was engaged to be married, the day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the breakfast was laid out in that spacious and handsome room, the bridegroom was ready to proceed to church, when it was discovered that the bride was missing; a note in her handwriting was found addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his best man, a gay and gallant captain of dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much, but he went alone to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out, with his own hands put up the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door and took the key. He gave orders that the door should be nailed up and barred with padlocked bars; and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and a sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant to compensate him for the deprivation of the use of the room. The room has never been entered since the day he closed it, and there are the "wedding meals" mouldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbling to dust in the funeral gloom.

### Fifth and Tenth.

A practical joke is poor fun, because the laugh doesn't reach all the way around. What a common expression is "How do you do?" and yet what a queer one would be: "How do you don't?" It's a very bad egg sample if six of them out of a half dozen are rotten. When a man goes on a tear it is but natural he should rip out an oath or two. Comment is unnecessary, and so is a boil on the back of a bridegroom's neck. Commend us to the woman who cheerfully adapts herself to the reduced circumstances of her husband, and whose affection fits closer than a French corset or a number six glove. No one can do more'n his duty, but how many mourn because they neglect to do it. "Music hath charms"—and so hath a gay sport's watch chain. Time enough to enumerate your good actions when you have repented of and atoned for your misdeeds. When an individual is destitute of both brains and humanity he is decidedly a poor specimen of humanity. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, let me remember when last I was witty. Wife at the window, her ma at the door; you know how it ends who have been there before.

### Pompeii.

Excavations at Pompeii prove the city to have been one of the most fashionable and beautiful of Roman summer resorts, and but for the eruption it might have remained so to this day. As with Pompeii, so with thousands of people who have beauty of form and feature. They might always be admired but for the eruption, that makes the face unsightly, and betrays the presence of scrofula, violent blood poisons, or general debility. There is one remedy that positively cures these affections, and that remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best known tonic, alterative and repletant. It speedily cures pimples, blotches, liver spots, and all diseases arising from impoverished or impure blood. It also cures dyspepsia, and regulates the liver and bowels. Sold by all druggists.

In company with ex-Major Ham, of Lewiston, Maine, a reporter recently visited Deacon Wright's residence near that place. The good old Deacon long since was gathered to his fathers. The old house receives us through its immense kitchen into a room on one side of which is a small black kiln—the old brick oven. The good wife kindly receives us, and notifies the old lady that she is wanted. Very soon a sprightly old lady in a black cap and grandmotherly gown is presented to us, and if you please, kind reader, allow us to introduce to you Mrs. Sally Wright, the oldest woman in Lewiston, indeed, hardly ever out of Lewiston in these ninety-two years since she was first ushered into this world and the wilderness of the Lewiston of the year of grace 1789. Grandma takes a seat and smiles at the object of our visit is announced. "Until a year ago," says she, "I used to fetch my rag carpets and homespun down to the country fair; but now I've got to be dreadful hard of hearin' and am blind in one eye, and I've given up weavin', though if I could see I could weave just as well as ever I could."

"I was married in this house," says the ex-Mayor.  
The old lady laughed and intimated that she guessed there wouldn't be any more weddings there at present.  
"Yes," continued Sally Wright, "if I live to the 15th of next July I shall be ninety-three years old. My maiden name was Sally Carville, and I belong to a tough race. I have been married twice. I suppose I'm an old woman at last. I believe there's but one older person in Lewiston, and that's Mr. Wright. The two oldest persons, you see, is Wright," said the old lady, doubtfully contemplating the venerable pun. "I was born on the hill where Mr. Hodgkins lives. My father's name was Henry, and he came to Lewiston from Cape Elizabeth about a hundred years ago. He has no child living but me. He was in the revolutionary war seven years. I've had a great many sick spells, but my health is rather better than it used to be," said the old lady, evidently thinking that if she lived to grow up she would be quite vigorous. "I allers got a premium for my socks and mittens at the country fair. My last husband, John Carville, has been dead twenty years. I've been a widow for a good many years. I remember your grandfather Barker well. If I could only see I could wave. I begin to feel a little old, but the last time I wove, only four years ago, I wove my seven yards a day. I can't remember that any of my playmates and schoolmates and friends of my girlhood are now living. All who were anywhere near my age are gone. Is old Uncle Zeb Wright sensible?" interjected the old lady. Receiving an affirmative reply, the reporter asked:  
"Do you ever laugh?"

The old lady fairly ripped and chuckled. "I dunno as I grow fat very much, but I laugh considerable."  
"I don't suppose you do any cooking?"  
"Cooking," says Sally Wright; "if I only had my eyes I could make the best doughnuts of any one you ever see. But I'm afraid I should get some dirt in them by going it blind. Joe Skinner used to say I made the best fried cakes he ever see. I used to grate in a little apple and put in three eggs into a mess, and Joe Skinner used to turn one over and look at it, and says he, 'Them fried cakes is so light that they can turn themselves over alone.' Why, I feel to-day that I could dance if we had a good fiddler here. I used to dance a great deal, and your grandmother (addressing Mr. Ham) used to say the devil was in me when Uncle Jim and I used to try a reel. Oh! how we danced!" The recit of other days fairly made the old lady's wrinkles roll themselves out of sight for joy. "Why, I feel now, sometimes like a carryin' on like the Old Harry!" says the ninety-two-year-old Sally, with a wink of mischief in the corner of her blind eye.  
"I can walk half a mile any day," says Aunt Sally. "When I was a little girl we had no roads—only spotted trees to go by; but we used to have some jolly old kitchen dances. Perhaps yet I may live as long as old Mrs. Parker in Durham did; you remember she was 118 years old when she died. I expect to draw a pension soon, and that will help to keep me along."  
"Good-bye, Aunt Sally, we shall probably never see you again."

"A little doubt if you do, but good-bye," says Aunt Sally, nursing her knee and looking far away through the dim eye still remaining to her.

### The Gibraltar Tunnel.

The proposed tunnel between Spain and Africa is still before the public. This tunnel, according to the plan at present contemplated, is to extend from within a short distance of Algeiras, on the Spanish side, to between Tangier and Ceuta on the African side. The length of the submarine tunnel will be nine miles, with an inclination of one foot per hundred, and the approaches will have an extent of six or seven miles. The greatest depth of the sea is 3,000 feet; and, as it is intended to have a thickness of some 300 feet of rock left between the roof of the tunnel and the sea bottom, the greatest depth of the tunnel will thus be 3,300 feet below the level of the sea.

### A Lady of Ninety-Two.

In company with ex-Major Ham, of Lewiston, Maine, a reporter recently visited Deacon Wright's residence near that place. The good old Deacon long since was gathered to his fathers. The old house receives us through its immense kitchen into a room on one side of which is a small black kiln—the old brick oven. The good wife kindly receives us, and notifies the old lady that she is wanted. Very soon a sprightly old lady in a black cap and grandmotherly gown is presented to us, and if you please, kind reader, allow us to introduce to you Mrs. Sally Wright, the oldest woman in Lewiston, indeed, hardly ever out of Lewiston in these ninety-two years since she was first ushered into this world and the wilderness of the Lewiston of the year of grace 1789. Grandma takes a seat and smiles at the object of our visit is announced. "Until a year ago," says she, "I used to fetch my rag carpets and homespun down to the country fair; but now I've got to be dreadful hard of hearin' and am blind in one eye, and I've given up weavin', though if I could see I could weave just as well as ever I could."

"I was married in this house," says the ex-Mayor.  
The old lady laughed and intimated that she guessed there wouldn't be any more weddings there at present.  
"Yes," continued Sally Wright, "if I live to the 15th of next July I shall be ninety-three years old. My maiden name was Sally Carville, and I belong to a tough race. I have been married twice. I suppose I'm an old woman at last. I believe there's but one older person in Lewiston, and that's Mr. Wright. The two oldest persons, you see, is Wright," said the old lady, doubtfully contemplating the venerable pun. "I was born on the hill where Mr. Hodgkins lives. My father's name was Henry, and he came to Lewiston from Cape Elizabeth about a hundred years ago. He has no child living but me. He was in the revolutionary war seven years. I've had a great many sick spells, but my health is rather better than it used to be," said the old lady, evidently thinking that if she lived to grow up she would be quite vigorous. "I allers got a premium for my socks and mittens at the country fair. My last husband, John Carville, has been dead twenty years. I've been a widow for a good many years. I remember your grandfather Barker well. If I could only see I could wave. I begin to feel a little old, but the last time I wove, only four years ago, I wove my seven yards a day. I can't remember that any of my playmates and schoolmates and friends of my girlhood are now living. All who were anywhere near my age are gone. Is old Uncle Zeb Wright sensible?" interjected the old lady. Receiving an affirmative reply, the reporter asked:  
"Do you ever laugh?"

The old lady fairly ripped and chuckled. "I dunno as I grow fat very much, but I laugh considerable."  
"I don't suppose you do any cooking?"  
"Cooking," says Sally Wright; "if I only had my eyes I could make the best doughnuts of any one you ever see. But I'm afraid I should get some dirt in them by going it blind. Joe Skinner used to say I made the best fried cakes he ever see. I used to grate in a little apple and put in three eggs into a mess, and Joe Skinner used to turn one over and look at it, and says he, 'Them fried cakes is so light that they can turn themselves over alone.' Why, I feel to-day that I could dance if we had a good fiddler here. I used to dance a great deal, and your grandmother (addressing Mr. Ham) used to say the devil was in me when Uncle Jim and I used to try a reel. Oh! how we danced!" The recit of other days fairly made the old lady's wrinkles roll themselves out of sight for joy. "Why, I feel now, sometimes like a carryin' on like the Old Harry!" says the ninety-two-year-old Sally, with a wink of mischief in the corner of her blind eye.  
"I can walk half a mile any day," says Aunt Sally. "When I was a little girl we had no roads—only spotted trees to go by; but we used to have some jolly old kitchen dances. Perhaps yet I may live as long as old Mrs. Parker in Durham did; you remember she was 118 years old when she died. I expect to draw a pension soon, and that will help to keep me along."  
"Good-bye, Aunt Sally, we shall probably never see you again."

"A little doubt if you do, but good-bye," says Aunt Sally, nursing her knee and looking far away through the dim eye still remaining to her.

### The Gibraltar Tunnel.

The proposed tunnel between Spain and Africa is still before the public. This tunnel, according to the plan at present contemplated, is to extend from within a short distance of Algeiras, on the Spanish side, to between Tangier and Ceuta on the African side. The length of the submarine tunnel will be nine miles, with an inclination of one foot per hundred, and the approaches will have an extent of six or seven miles. The greatest depth of the sea is 3,000 feet; and, as it is intended to have a thickness of some 300 feet of rock left between the roof of the tunnel and the sea bottom, the greatest depth of the tunnel will thus be 3,300 feet below the level of the sea.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Give a rogue rope enough and he'll hang himself.  
The best teachers of duties that still lie dim to us, the practice of those we see and have at hand.  
There wouldn't be any milk in the coconut if some of our dairymen had had the construction of it.  
Sunburned sea moss, as a fashionable color, quite usurps the place of elephant's breath and mad rooster.  
How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?  
A man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.  
Believe, and if thy faith be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief.  
A Rochester justice closes the marriage ceremony with this injunction: "What love hath joined together, let no discord put asunder."  
A mind trained to self-denial meets trials with an amount of reserved moral force quite inexplicable to those less habituated to self-control.  
A cat finds its own tail by looking around for something to play with. From just such trillings causes the great discoveries of all ages have been made.  
What is even poverty itself, that a man should murmur under it? It is but as the pain of piercing a maiden's ear, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.  
It was Emerson who declared that a man ought not to be a slave of his yesterday. Quite true—or yet of his tomorrow. Let him rather be master of his to-day!  
No trait of character is rarer, none more admirable, than thoughtful independence of the opinions of others combined with a sensitive regard to the feelings of others.  
If you would live tranquil and contented, endeavor that all who live with you may good. And you can have them good by instructing the willing and dismissing the unwilling.  
Better is the life of a poor man in a cottage than delicate fare in another man's house. Be it little or much, hold thee contented; for it is a miserable life to go from house to house.  
No matter how pious men are, the moment they place policy before principle they become incapable of doing right, and are transformed into the most odious tools of despotism.  
The more gross the fraud the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always and faith wherever impostors will find impudence.  
As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses (as the Roman Emperor Nero did) with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.  
God loves to give, and he loves to have his people give. He does not like to have them covetous; he does not like to see them hoard; so, when we learn to give, and love to give, we become like him.  
Angry and choleric men are as ungrateful and unbecomingly as thunder and lightning; being in themselves all storm and tempest; but quiet and easy natures are like fair weather, welcome to all.  
The best recipe for going through life in an exquisite way with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.  
A time is coming when every man will pronounce even the common words of his own tongue as seems right in his own eyes, and be charged with being worse for it; the speaking of the same words away to make room for the writing age.  
If anybody shirks his daily duties for the sake of living a Christian life he will find that he has done that which tends most effectually from a Christian life. If you would be a Christian, you must faithfully do the things which you are called to do to-day.  
Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress a desire than to satisfy all that follow it.  
As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all so neither wait thou for applause and shouts and eulogies that thou mayst do well; but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun.  
To be of no church is dangerous. Religion of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the minds, unless it be invigorated and reimpelled by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.  
Many a church-member, who often says "Lord, Lord," would let a piece of property for a saloon where husband and father spend their time and money in drink, or for a gambling place where young men are ruined, because he cannot thereby acquire a higher rank. Such a man has not carried religion into his business life.  
None are so likely to maintain watchful guard over their hearts and lives as those who know the comfort of living in near and constant communion with God. They feel their privilege, and fear lest they may lose it. They will dread falling from their high estate and marring their own comfort by bringing clouds between themselves and Christ.  
Good oftentimes delays, that his people may come to him with greater strength and opportunity, he puts them off, that they may put on more life and vigor. God seems to be cold, that he may make us more hot; he seems to be slack, that he may make us more earnest; he seems to be backward, that he may make us more forward in pressing upon him.  
The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will reach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.



SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

While the Legislature is careful to keep faith with the foreign creditors of the State, it should see to it that domestic creditors are justly dealt with. Alabama now owes the public school teachers of the State a considerable sum, which should be paid them. At the beginning of the scholastic year of 1868-9, State Supt. Cloud issued circulars to teachers requiring them to rely wholly on the State for pay, and stipulating that where teachers accepted pay from patrons of part of the tuition, they would get nothing from the State. He further represented that the State had ample funds to meet all the claims of teachers for that year. With this understanding, contracts were made by teachers with the trustees, and the schools were opened; but Cloud's rose colored view of the situation did not last—the State ran short of funds and fell behind with teachers—and the public schools were closed long before the end of the scholastic year. Thus the teachers were not only thrown out of employment, but deprived of much of the pay already due them. It is this balance due that the State should provide for, and we hope to see a bill passed to that effect.

What we have said above as to the obligation of the State toward her domestic creditors, applies with force to a bill now pending for the relief of Martin & Clark of this county. Their claim is not of the nature of a teachers' claim; but it is as just a claim as ever lay against the State, and it will be shame if it is not paid.

**BUTAL MURDER.**—Thursday night Basil Thos. Gault and posse brought to Jacksonville and lodged in jail, a negro boy about 13 or 14 years of age, charged with the murder of Mrs. Mosse Ables, the wife of the man who was killed some time ago by Motell. The negro made a clean confession, and stated that he first knocked the unfortunate woman down with a rock and then crushed her skull with other rocks. He described the scene of the murder with a particularity that leaves little room to doubt the genuineness of his confession. When discovered the lady was not dead, but was insensible and rapidly sinking when the Basil's posse left with the prisoner. The position of the lady and all the surroundings point to a darker and more heinous crime than that of murder. It occurred on Salinas Mountain between Mr. Griffin and Reaves Walkers. There was some talk of lynching the negro, but better counsels prevailed and the law will be allowed to take its course.

The Legislature met Tuesday. They had twenty-six working days from that date to go on. We shall try and keep our readers posted on the proceedings.

The press of the State, with few exceptions, oppose the repeal of the crop lien law. It is not likely that the repeal bill will pass even the Senate.

The Gadsden Times is now edited by Col. Denson, a prominent member of the Gadsden bar. He is a cultivated and vigorous writer, and will make the Times a more valuable paper than it has ever been, and this is a great deal, for it has always been one of the best papers that comes to our desk.

In the editorial notice of the public lands last week there was an error. Inside the six mile limits of a railroad lands are worth \$2.50 per acre, instead of \$2.00 as printed.

Messrs. Hartridge of Georgia, and Schleicher of Texas, Members of Congress, have died within the past few days. This makes nine members of the present Congress who have died, including Senators Morton and Bay. Two or three other members of the House are sick.

As an evidence of returning prosperity we state the fact that nearly every business house in Jacksonville is advertising with us. We hope that the time is not far off when our columns will carry an advertisement of every business house in the county. The merchants of the county ought to keep their business and the inducement they can offer to trade constantly before the people and thus prevent the sending abroad of so much money for goods—money that ought to be spent at home to build up home interests.

When we print the Calhoun County number of the Republican, (several thousand copies) wherein every interest of the County will be fully and elaborately set forth, we want the business interests of the County represented, and for this purpose we will devote some space to short cards of the business men of the County, setting forth the firm name, location, and branch of business of each. These advertisements we shall place at a very low price, and each advertiser will be furnished extra copies of the paper for distribution among friends. We trust that every business man in the County will appreciate our effort to advertise the resources of the county and be prepared to assist us to the extent of giving us a card when called on. The benefit will be mutual, as the advertiser will get largely over the worth of his money by having his business thus brought prominently before our readers.

If you want a fine picture and have no money, get five cash subscribers for one year each, and we will give you a fine picture large and small.

Have you got anything worth as much as five dollars to sell? bring us 25 cents and let us tell buyers where they can find it. Our "Wanted" advertisements do the work every time.

## THE IRON TRADE.

Prosperous and Encouraging Outlook for the New Year.

Philadelphia, January 12.—The Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, in his annual report, after giving the status for the last year, says: "The old year, taken all in all, was more active and more prosperous year for the American iron trade than either 1876 or 1877. There was an improvement in the demand for all iron and steel products, and prices, although not satisfactory, well maintained, except in the case of pig iron. This branch of trade had a hard struggle; many furnaces had been unprofitably run. The new year opens with the promise of a more active and more prosperous business for iron and steel manufacturers than the old year gave them. The business is in lower hands, and home competition cannot be so desperate as it has been, and foreign competition, for the present, is not to be dreaded. Prices, it is hoped, are at the lowest point to which they can possibly fall, while the unmistakable and undeniable revival of general prosperity throughout the country, give every assurance of a continued and increased demand for iron and steel which characterized the old year."

## "PASSED ON"

Died, in Apopka City, Orange county, on Sabbath morning, Dec. 15, 1878, in the 47th year of life, Mrs. Mary Brook Hawthorn (formerly of Parishville, St. Lawrence county, N. Y.), wife of George Wadsworth, Esq., Civil Engineer, formerly of Apopka City. She remains, unburied in a burial case, to be taken to Birmingham, for interment. A Christian, beloved by all who knew her. This is a brief notice of so important an event; but brief as it is, the last sentence means more than mortals can portray, or books contain. "A Christian, beloved by all who knew her," is enough. Her life was a success, and heaven's eternal joys be hers now and hereafter. How dear a place, how sweet a home, how unspeakable a reward is heaven! The apostle, while in exile on Patmos, was granted a glimpse of that glory-world. He beheld a multitude which no man could number, who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; who would hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb fed them with life-giving fountains of waters, and God had wiped away all tears from their eyes. And the new song they sing, with united voice, sounding through the ambrosial bowers, reached his ear; as the voice harpers harping with their harps. But heaven itself is infinitely more glorious than even this entrancing vision: for "eye hath not seen."

The above was clipped from a Northern exchange. The lady once lived in Jacksonville.

## A SHEEP FARM IN GEORGIA.

A writer in the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution says, in 1871 he bought 400 acres of reputed poor land in Glynn county, Ga.; and put upon it 100 sheep. In 1873, by natural increase, he had 370 ewes and wethers, at an average of 73 children. His sheep were penned tightly, and every two nights mangled a half acre well. Since that time he had brought into a high state of cultivation 100 acres of land that seven years ago was considered worthless. Since 1871 he has bought 200 sheep, and now owns 1,800 head. He keeps a shepherd, who is paid to attend to his business, and he does not spend an hour of his time on the sheep, and finds, by casting up a balance sheet, that it costs him exactly 57 cents a head per annum to keep his flock. They average him about three and a half pounds of wool each. Last year he clipped in May, and again in September, and the clip amounted to five and a half pounds per head. Last year he sold in Savannah and Macon 8,000 pounds of wool, at an average of 73 cents per pound, making a few lines of Merino wool, which makes the gross receipts of \$2,370. The annual expense of the flock was \$1,076. So there was an absolute net profit in the wool of \$1,644. Last year he sold in the above cities 92 wethers as mutton for \$242, making a total of \$2,289. Besides this he has fertilized the poor grass land, so that last year he cultivated 44 acres, and from 41 acres of corn he made an average of 31 bushels; in sugar cane that made 56 barrels of syrup; 15 in oats, that averaged 42 bushels to the acre, and on the remainder an abundance of all kinds of truck farming, receiving for his sales of vegetables in New York a net profit of \$284.

Carrying Concealed Weapons—This subject will be brought prominently before the next sitting of the legislature. Some of our exchanges are proposing measures to suppress the practice, and as Lovelace has experienced some of the evil results of the practice the people will not doubt be interested in all that pertains to the subject. The plan most popular, and one which promises very effectually to wipe the dark blot from our civilization, is that of requiring every man who desires to carry weapons concealed about his person, to take out and pay for a license for so doing, and that the names of all persons so licensed be published, so as to give the rest of mankind notice and warning against them. It is also proposed to make the carrying of concealed weapons, without license, a felony and punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary.—Hayneville Exchange.

## PAT ON THE ROAD.

An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him with:

"Your money or your life!"

Saying Pat was green at the business, the traveler said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you all my money for that pistol."

"Agreed,"

Pat received the money and handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat, "never a drop of powder is there in it!"

The election of Governor of Maine went to the Legislature. The House sent up Garcelon, Democrat, and Smith, Greenbacker; from the Senate they sent up Garcelon, Democrat, and Smith, Greenbacker, and the Republicans united on the Democrat, Garcelon, and he was elected on the 2d.

## HUNG AFTER A REPRIEVE.

January the 14th was set as the day for the execution of two men, Sharpe and McDonald, in Pennsylvania. At the last moment the Governor was persuaded to grant a reprieve, but the messenger reached the jail too late, as the following dispatch tells:

When the Governor's reprieve arrived at the jail, this morning, a scene of intense excitement occurred. Although the culprits' bodies had been hanging but a few minutes there was no movement made toward cutting them down. A telegraph messenger reached the jail before the drop fell, but no heed was taken of his knocking and ringing, the wife of one of the culprits having previously been extremely violent outside. When the drop fell the knocking and ringing continued, and the Sheriff sent out a man to arrest the prisoner whom he imagined to be creating a disturbance. It was then found to be a telegraph messenger with a reprieve.

A brother of McDonald who had been kneeling by the scaffold, arose and excitedly charged the Sheriff and bystanders with the murder of his brother. The excitement spread and the Sheriff appealed to one of the priests, who exonerated him from the blame. Amidst this excitement of reproaches of the madmen brother of McDonald and the wailings of the bereaved families outside, the culprits seem to have been forgotten, and they remained hanging for thirty minutes after the drop fell. There is no reasonable doubt, however, that they were both dead when the reprieve came. After the bodies were cut down they were placed in coffins and given to their families, whose cries could be heard several blocks adding greatly to the prevailing excitement.

## \$5,000 FOUND IN A TREE

[Lynchburg Virginia, 24th.]

A treasure up a tree was seen in the watches of the night by a peddler, who was sleeping in a farm house in the Shenandoah Valley. He told his dream to the farmer next morning, and on three successive nights he had the same vision. Then he prevailed on the farmer to accompany him to the forest, where he pointed out a large oak tree as the one he had seen in his dream. It was apparently sound at the butt, but about twenty feet up, a limb had been broken off. The farmer did not feel like humoring what he supposed to be a superstitious whim, but the old fellow seemed to have confidence in his vision, and ordered his boy to cut down the tree. When the tree fell there was a rattle of coin near where the limb had been broken off, and a small hollow was found there. By a little chopping a larger cavity was found, and within was a mass of silver. Both seemed wild with delight, and on counting they found that the pile amounted to \$5,000. The peddler expressed his unwillingness to carry around so much silver in his pocket, and enquired where he would be likely to get greenbacks for his share. The farmer, having considerable money in his house, immediately transferred to the peddler \$2,000 in paper-money, and took charge of the entire lot of silver. The peddler disappeared, and when his partner attempted to pass some of the silver, lo! it was counterfeit. He was the victim of a gang of coiners.

## A NEW ENGLISH DETECTOR.

Who uses tobacco, has taught his horse the same filthy habit. Whenever he takes a quid in presence of his steed the animal nudges his master familiarly as one who should say, "Come, come, give us a chew." And, having received his portion, he rolls it like a sweet morsel under his tongue and cheerfully trots away, which shows the corrupting influence of evil communications.

## WM. W. HARRISON,

Physician & Surgeon,

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

## NOTICE

FIRST

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

## ALABAMA NEWS.

The Huntsville Democrat learns that in an affray near McFarland's Mill, last week a man named Goughly, stabbed Eli was in a fair way of recovery.

Twenty-eight couples were married in Jackson county during the month of December.

A young man named Freeman was lodged in jail a few days ago at Scottsboro for forgery.

The Scottsboro Herald of the 19th instant says: A man calling himself K. A. May and pretending to represent a firm of liquor dealers in New York, managed to check \$200 out of C. F. Williams of this place, a few days before Christmas. He was arrested and lodged in jail here yesterday.

A former member of the Legislature, W. M. Myles, of Point Rock Va.; Jackson county, had a narrow escape while out hunting last week. A gun in his hand was accidentally discharged, and the ball scarcely missed hitting him, and killed the horse he was riding.

The Livingston Journal says: On Friday last, a party of about a dozen men, by whom he was knocked down and robbed of some \$30.

The Livingston Journal says: Mr. Thos. H. Dillard, of Lacy's Beat, killed 6,000 pounds of pork this season. Last season he killed 7,300 pounds. He fattens his hogs on corn, peas and turnips, and has not in several years lost a hog from disease. Is his exemption due to the care or to good management? It is worth while to inquire.

A negro deckhand on the steamer S. P. Smith was recently drowned in the Coosa river. So says the Gadsden Times. Gov. Cobb offers a reward of \$250 for the arrest and conviction of Charlie Potter, murderer of L. D. Ramsey, of Etowah county.

Joe Smith recently killed four deer in Etowah county as fast as he could shoot.

Saturday last, two gentlemen from near Atlanta, Ga., came into town in pursuit of a man charged with running away from Georgia with mortgaged property. They came up with him, a but twelve miles west of Jacksonville and brought him and the mules in question into town. The case was heard Monday and resulted in favor of the parties in pursuit of the other. Tuesday they left for Georgia, taking the mules with them.

Mr. Spurgeon is credited with this design on public happiness: "When I am marrying young couples I generally tell the young lady to let her husband be the head, for that is according to Scripture and nature; but I always add her to be the neck, and twist him round which way she likes."

## NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

## NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE







OF

**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**TYPE FOR ALL,**  
 the Cheapest Price  
 THE NATIONAL TYPE  
 Catalogue, six cents. PHILADELPHIA  
**PERMANENT**  
**INTERNATIONAL**  
**EXHIBITION**  
**CENTENNIAL GROUND**  
**OPEN EVERY DAY.**  
 Admission 15 Cents. CHILDREN, 5 Cts

history of the rise and fall of the Great Republic. It  
 Europe, the growth of the nations of modern Europe  
 the middle ages, the crusades, the Reformation, the  
 reformation, the discovery and settlement of the  
 World, etc., etc.

It contains 125 historical engravings and  
 large double column pages, and is the most com-  
 plete history of the World ever published. It sel-  
 doms for sale, and is not to be had in any of the  
 Agents, and see why it sells faster than any  
 book. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,  
 Philadelphia, Pa.

TO MAGAZINE CLUB-GETTERS  
**3-BUTTON KID GLOVES**  
**FRENCH AND ENGLISH CANNES**  
**AND ELEGANT SILK DRESS PATTERNS**  
**GIVEN IN PREMIUM**

For Subscribers, at Club Rates to

The Premium to Club-Getter for either of these Clubs will be \$1.00 worth of Butterick's Pattern Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

To Copied, and 1 to Club-Getter, \$17.50.

To Copied, and 1 to Club-Getter, \$26.00.

Premium on 1 Club-Getter, pair \$1.50.

Button Kid Gloves and \$1.00 worth of Butterick's Patterns.

Premium on \$25.00 Club—Two pairs \$2.00.

Button Kid Gloves, and \$1.00 worth of Butterick's Patterns.

**LARGER CLUBS.**—For these we offer as premiums full Dress Patterns of elegant black & blue English and French Cashmere.

But particular in regard to our large valuable Premiums will be found in our Special Circular to Club-Getters, which will make an excellent call to all who desire to make up CLUBS.

**SEE SPECIMEN NUMBER 20 CENTS.**

shells, walrus, Capa, etc. prices on application. Liberal discounts to dealers.

**JOS. C. GRUBB & CO.,**  
712 MARKET ST., Philadelphia

**CANNABIS INDIC**  
**POSITIVELY CURES**  
**CONSUMPTION**

Dr. H. JAMES' preparation of **East I. Hemp** has become as famous in this country as in India for the cure of **Consumption**, **Bronchitis** and **Asthma**.

We now inform the public that we have

**In all its Purity and Perfection**  
and are entitled to credence when we say  
"CANNABIS INDICA will do all that is claimed  
it—one bottle will satisfy the most sceptical

[illegible]

21 & 23 South SIXTH St., Philadelphia